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SONG.

I.

ONE Evening at ambroſial Treat,
From her Ætherial Tower,
Minerva the nine Muſes met,
In *Ida*'s ſacred Bower:
Apollo and gay *Bacchus* join,
For Hand in Hand walk Wit and Wine.

II.

Pallas the ſwimming Dance began,
Her Hair a Fillet bound;
Blue, like her Eyes, the Bandage ſhone,
Her ſapient Temples crown'd;
Which looſen'd in the Dance, drop'd down,
And *Bacchus* ſnatch'd the azure Zone.

III.

This Ribbon on his Breaſt he plac'd,
By *Styx*, then ſwore the Youth,
What had the Throne of Wiſdom grac'd,
Shou'd grace the Seat of Truth;
At once then ope his Robe he threw,
And on his Boſom beam'd True Blue.

IV.

If Mortals can give Garters Fame,
And Honour's form on Earth,
Sure Deities may do the ſame,
And give one Order Birth;
This Ribbon, lov'd Cæleſtials view,
And ſtamp your Sanction on True Blue.

V.

Urania prais'd the roſy God,
Her tuneful Siſters join,
Minerva gave the aſſenting Nod,
Phœbus enroll'd the Sign,
Along the Skies loud Pæans flew,
Olympus join'd and hail'd True Blue.

VI.

This Order *Iris* bore to Earth,
The Gods enjoin'd the Fair,
Where firſt ſhe found a Son of Worth,
To leave the Ribbon there;
From Clime to Clime ſhe ſearching flew,
And with Lord *Dyſart* left True Blue.